THE BLACK PEDLAR OF GALWAY

A TALE OF THE PENAL TIMES.

CHAPTER XIII-(CONTINUED)

"Held!" said the voice, in a distinct, solemn tone. Approach not. You are in my power. My warning is for you, and for you alone. Fear your companion—watch him—but trust him not!" "Stop I" said the traveller. "Who are you tell

"You cannot know now," said the voice, receding.

"We meet ogain." "Ah! say you se? Well, there will be more pleasure to one of us," said the traveller, who had now resumed his natural lightness of spirit. "But what made you take such a way for convey-

ing your news?" "Farewell! farewell! farewell!" and the voice

was lost in a distant whisper.
'Farewell, and be d——. I won't curse him
I don't know who the fellow may be."

He turned towards the torch; it was stationary

in an esplanade of the wood.

"Ha! they wait me," he uttered, as he ventured at a running pace over every obstacle in his way. What made him tell me to watch my companion? It is certain he does not know me, though he seems to know him; else he would be spared the pains of coming so far to give me the warning. Trust him not!-Heaven knows, and so does every body else, that I never trusted him far; but fear him I journey; I have mine. I was promised pleasure, and I will have it."

These thoughts rushed through his mind on his way to rejoin his fellow-travellers.

His companions were both standing in silence apart from each other. The peasant leaned carelessly against a rock, whilst he held his torch low in its shelter. The other figure had his arms crossed upon the muzzle of his long gun, which served him for support.

"You are waited for," said the latter, in a sharp quick voice, which savoured of displeasure, addressing the younger stranger when he made his appearance: "you are wanted too. This villain refuses to guide us further. I have a wish with your assistance to force him to it."

"No, D'Arcy," said the other, " we will have his

"Confound your tongu-1 have I not told you not to use names. A moment ago, and you whispered my name audible enough for that fellow to start at it." "I? In faith you do me wrong. I have not

been within your hearing since we left the hut." The manner of the young man was too sudden to be studied. His companion looked at him sharply. There was no jest in his looks. He warked swiftly to the guide. "What scream have we heard fellow, from your house?"

"My wife's or my children's, please you, my master," said the guide, with the most perfect composure.

"You speak falsely, villian," said the first speaker; "no evasion, if you value your life. are there other persons with you here?"

"If there be, sir, you know more than I do. There are enough here for good company, I think. You know best yourself whether you would wish for more.

"Whom do you mean? speak plainly." "Ah no, your honour," said the peasant, shrugging his shoulders and looking around him, "I don't like to mention names in a place like this."

"Lead on then, sirrab, without more words," said the older stranger vexed more at the composure of the guide than with his unsatisfactory answers.

"I have promised to guide you only to this spot make the way out now as well as you can,"

He dashed the torch into a neighbouring stream, and left them in complete darkness.

There was a sharp report from the fowling-piece of the older stranger; a ball whistled by his compan-Ion's ear and was spent uselessly among the trees

A loud laugh was heard in a different direction, and then the voice of the guide," Ha!ha! you missed your mark new, and will oftener, please God."

"Stop, for God's sake, good fellow," said the younger stranger, " and tell us why you refuse to lead us to the hermit's cabin."

"It's to the hermit's are you going, then," said the voice alond, but at a great distance. "Well, I did not know that. I am glad, though, that I parted with you. The glen has not a good name by night-mind yourselves-and then the old man; but I will say nothing of him, though there are curious stories about his way of living, and lights are seen dancing about his hut, and neither he nor his dumb

boy are ever seen in the villages and-Come on, fool," interrupted the eldest traveller. sternly, "are we to wear the night with old gossip's

Good night, good fellow," said the younger strauger.

"Slaun a skeil agith avourneen!" said a different voice, and all was silent.

D'Arcy, as we call him, dashed on with an im petuosly with which his companion, though younger and stronger could not contend. The rotten branches of the trees fell about his head and crackled under his feet. The waters of the little pools and streams splashed upon him. A morass was crossed as quickly: a knot of underwood was broken through, and he was running on with the same dangerous speed to a small lake embedded in the wood, when the voice of his fellow traveller arrested him with a loud

-" Whither do you drive to, man, with such fearful speed? If you wish to be drowned, I have no notion as yet of following your example. By Jove, I will no longer follow in this wild chase," he said, as he came up more leisurely to his companion.

"We have missed our way, I fear," said D'Arcy
"No the light yonder must be the hermit's; we have passed it. Follow in my track; I can guide

safel; here." "I will follow," answered his companion; "but after my own fashiou, without running my nose against every tree I meet. or plunging headlong every pool in my way. The d-! you take men's legs to be made of steel, and their faces covered with fron, not to suffer in such a run. Well, now, as you move more quietly I will put a fair quertion — What think you of our guide the torch bearer?"

"He is a knave," said D'Arcy.

"Aye," said Frank," you would say he is a knave or fool; but by my honour, as a poorgentleman, he is more fool than knave, or is something worse than

"Do you sperk in sense?" said D'A'rcy. "Faith, to tell you truth, D'Arcy, I have a doubt that the same fellow is mortal. See how your ball went wide of him, though you are a famous marksman. Believe me, if the fellow be mortal he bears a charmed life."

"Well, we shall see if his charms will do him service to-morrow against my vengence."
"Be not to sure of him, D'Arcy,', replied Frank;

" you had him once before in your power, and he escaped your vengence."

"You speak riddles, Frank," said D'Arcy; " you tell me now, you doubt he is mortal, and then you

"To speak plainly," said the younger traveller, "he is the sworn follower of Shemus Dhu; and to of this life would effect me." tell you more, Shemus himself was here, I heard his

voice behind me. The hound knew him ; you per-ceive that he has followed him."

"Your last remark gets the lie; here is Buscar before me. Shemus is well secured, he will never leave the place in which he is confined unless for a worse one."

"You thought so before," said Frank "and you were deceived. Hang me though for putting you on his trail! He was a good fellow and I hope no evil will befall him."

"He is not in my power now," said D'Arcy. "The corporation may do with him as they please, though I thank you that he is now out of my way.

"Don't thank me, D'Arcy," replied his companion soolly. "I am sorry I had part in his arrest. If worse luck hapben to him by your means, you can never again call Frank O'Reilly your friend. Shemus served my father faithfully, and often gave me good counsel. Though I be driven from my father's home—all for your sake—I am not yet fallen so low as to want gratitude."

"Your next change offeeling, will lead you to put on a surplice, and give us a lecture against drinking and swearing," said D'Arcy, sarcastically.

"By h——, it will not, D'Arcy," said Frank
O'Reilly. "My feelings and my habits are a man's,
and I am not ashamed of them, though you may scoff. Continue te dare me to it, and you will see

I have the feelings and action of a man." "Cease your folly," said D'Arcy, "or I must treat you as a school boy—we are just at the

hermit's-remember, silence and caution." "I will keep my word, because I have pledged it.' said O'R silly, with an effort to subdue his anger, and then he resolved it should be the last time he would serve so heartless a friend. The resolution had been often made, and tractability of will not. He may have his own interests in the character, to which habit and love of pleasure gave strength, had as often broken it. D'Arcy chuckled inwardly at the thought that O'Reilly and every person else believed that to be an enemy of Shemus Dhu.

"Siemus," he said to himself, "plays his part well. Yet I confess there is something mysterious about him. Why should he be here? I cannot believe it. I must closely watch the fellow. I know it is not affection which attaches him to me. Though he serves me well there is something very doubtful in his manner of doing the service. He is cunning. I must watch him closer."

CHAPTER XIV.

The travellers (one of them contrary to his wont in approaching the house of a host) arrived in silence on the grass plot that fronted the dwelling of the hermit, There was light enough to show them its situation. The deep trees formed a wall around a little lawn, in which the most remarkable feature was a large granite rock on a gentle slope, forming a gable of a thick-built stone cabin of small dimensions. There was nothing in its appearance to distinguish this cabin from the other cabins of the country, except the strength of its masoury, green with age, It would seem that some religious solitary, in other times, had chosen this retired site for his residence. This idea, at first suggested by the antique building and solitary appearance of the place, was confirmed by the presence of a large stone cross, raised in front of the cabin, upon a heap of moss-covered stones. A small vegetable garden was at one side of the cabin, well fenced and preserver, and through it flowed a clear spring at eam; this being the only feau e of comfort which D'Arcy's companion observed.

The approach of the travellers was preceived from within, for the light which had directed them to the spot disappeared when they arrived at the cabin.

D'Arcy, without consulting his companion, knecked loudly at the door. The light appeared again, and the name and intention of the intruder was demanded.

"Father," said he, for he doubted not that he spoke to the owner of the cabin, "we are two travellers who have lost our way: we would beg

your hospitality for the night."
"My son," said the person within, "you will have little comfort in this miserable dwelling. If your intentions be good, you shall have what it can afford for the night; if they be not, I am a poor old man, and you can gain nothing from me."

"Doubt us not, father; we will pledge ourselves for honesty of purpose,"

"If you have no particular business with the old man inter:pted O Reilly, in whose mind the words of the guide, as well as the character which the hermit gave of his hospitality, had their in-fluence; "had we not better seek, as the country is known to you, some more comfortable night's

D'Aicy did not answer, for the door was opened, and O'Reilly was obliged to follow.

The interior verified Frank's fears about the prospects of good cheer; nothing could appear more uncomfortable. A solitary block of wood, half burned, showed only sufficient light to make the misery of the dwelling more real-the other light had disappeared at their entrance. A large roughmade oak chest was the only furniture, if a long bench of hewn wood, and a few broken articles of iron be excepted. The dumb boy, to whom the guide alluded, was seated on a large stone, his head resting upon a rough projection of the wall, and his bare feet and legs stretched across the hearth, to catch the dying heat of the wood. The other inmate of the house, who had opened the door, and who now stood in the centre of the damp floor with his eyes fixed upon the strangers, was the hermit. His appearance alone could give the place an interest. He was of a tall figure, bent some-what by age, yet retaining the nerve and muscle of a strong man. His beard, grey from years, was allowed to grow its full length, falling over the upright collar of a brown under garment, which showed itself at his throat and breast, the other parts of it being hid in folds of a lar e piece of grey cloth, which, hanging from his shoulders in the manner of a cloak, was gather d around him. The countenance of the hermit was striking. When young, it must have been of decided beauty. (these were OReilly's observations.) Now, its pleasing contour was reduced, perhaps as much by mortification as by years. Care and age had done their part in destroying the evenness of the lefty forehead. And the eye, which the observer would say had in it once the flash of firey spirit, now reserved its wasting fire to be excited only by devotion; for, even in its fixed examination of the strangers there was a calmuess and benignity which set at naught the bolder expression of the other features. O'Reilly was struck mute at the bearing of the hermit, whom he had determined to accost Had he met him, he thought, under other circumstances, he would have worshipped him as some good being of another world. As it was, the hints of the guide alloyed his reverence with dread, and

he could not help fearing, though he respected his appearance. The hermit was the first to speak. My children, you are welcome to the humble fare I possess; from your appearance you are accus-

tomed to better. You do not live in this part of the country?" "We thank you, father," replied D'Arcy. "You guess aright, we are not of your neighborhood: yet our buisness is with you; mine, at least is to

consult you on a subject of importance to me and

"If it concerns you, my son," said the hermit, whose countenance underwent a slight change say I know him, and had him in my power; speak from the emphasis D'Arcy left on the last word, plainly, who do you think him to be?"

"to use any experience or knowledge I have. you are welcome. For me, the time is past when matters

of the room to avoid the hearing of his companion, and beckoning to the hermit to follow. "It is not many years since I heard bold words

of passion from beneath that garb. You and I have met before this.',
"Hold!' said the old man, in a tremulous voice, raising his hand to his forehead, and suddenly with-

drawing it. "Good God! can it be you again? Yes, it is he

-it is O'Grady!" "Reginald O'Grady—to you, O'Halloran—to the world, D'Arcy," said D'Arcy, throwing off his dis-

guise, and discovering the same features and dress with which we have described him in the meeting with Judith Bawn.

"Did you not promise, O'Grady," said the hermit, with his first mild voice, "never again to disturb my peace? It was—"

"Oh, there was a necessity for it," said D'Arcy, carelessly. "I could not help it. You will be satisfied by-and-bye," "And to bring a witness-an accomplice, per-

haps!" "Fear not him; he is an honest, good for nothing fellow. He is too much bound to me to carry tales, even if he knew my purpose. You know our secrets will not bear a third breast. I see the fellow is restless. You know I am not of your acquaintance."

Then the deceiver, coming forward, spoke in an audible voice: 'Father, this is my good compan-ion, Frank O'Beilly by name—a young gentleman of fair promise."

"Speak for yourself, D'Arcy," said Frank; though I believe you want no introduction to the good father."

"How know you that, friend?" was the quick question of D'Arcy.
"Because," replied his companion, in a careless manner, "you are so notorious, the very country

folk, who have never heard nor seen you, know

your voice and person in the dark." "Not in the dark; we had torchlight, Frank," said D'Arcy, in his usual way of speaking, apparently relieved, by O'Reilly's answer and manner, from the fear which quickly arose, that he and the hermit had been overheard. "I perceive, Frank, you are out of humour; but our good father has promised to be no niggard of his fare."

his behalf to be true. He opened the old chest mentioned, and produced a seasoned haunch of venisoa.

The dumb boy obeyed with cheerfulness the slices from the haunch, and dressed them on the coals, with the assistance of O'Reilly, whose goodhumour was returning at the sight of the savoury meal. The meat was quickly prepared, and as quickly eaten D'Arcy eat sparingly, and drank host were entirely changed. He no longer looked upon him as a being of a sinister nature; his frequent recurrence to the large earthen measure emboldened him, and he became more lequacious.

"My good friend," said he, addressing the hermit, your fare speaks well for your living; you must have goodly sport in these woods to be able to procure such venison. Do you cater for your own table?"

"My son," replied the hermit, with a melancholy smile, "there is that which faileth not, when woods and lakes fail. A Providence provideth for all the wants of those over whom it watches, and who put trust in it. The medium of that Providence is the charity of our fellow-man."

"Providence is a good support, I grant, though I know those who scarcely believe it," O'Reilly said looking sharply at his companion; "but, by my faith. a dependence upon the charity of man is a bad hance of life."
"You Weel our natere," replied the hermit. "The chance of life."

Author of it has put in our hearts kindness and love for each other. It is the deceit and falsehood of a few wicked that has made many suspicious and dis-

"Aye, yes," said O'Reilly; "but that deceit and falsehood are very plenty in the world."

"They are; but we were not abandoned to those who possess them. The sincere, and charitable, and good, are more numerous than the wicked. hither," he continued, taking hold of D'Arcy's arm, They are in every place and in every state, and Providence makes use of them for the comfort and support of His more wretched creatures."

"I confess," said Frank, having recourse to the ale to sharpen his wit-"I confess I am not booklearned enough to argue the point. Whilst my gun and my dog fail me not, I can dispense with my friends. By Jove! I had forgotten Buscar— Halloo! you schockhead, give a mess to my dog. He hears me not. Well, I forgot he is dumb, and deaf I suppose, poor idiot! I mustdo it myself. Here, Buscar, poor fellow! good hound! Well, my friend, where was I? That dog has put it from my head. No matter—another draught. I must say, though, that as God has given us hands and health, we should do something for our own support, and not live idly on the bounty of others, always exceptthose who have money enough to spare. Is it not

D'Arcy answered only with a malicious smile. "I believe I have settled it now," continued O'-Reilly. "As to you, who are old, there is some ex

cuse; but for many of your lazy profession there is none. "If you mean those who live in communities abroad, or those who singly lead an ascetic life at home, bound by the rules of some mouastic order. I am none of them, young man; yet not less from my heart will I defend them. They labour, they write, they study for our good. They counsel us; and if some, aye, even very many, cease to do this, contradicting the spirit of their order, the fault is in the individuals, net the institutions. You have said truly, that all should labor; aye, even without any exception. It is the penalty of our fall. All must labour; and all do labour, though from different motives. The great, labour for power and pleasure whi h mocks them in its possession. They labour with more anxiety and care, with more an-noying toil than that which wrings the sweat from the brow of the lowly digger of the earth, who wast a his strength from morning unto night for his wretched family's support. The one fulfils his obligations to nature and to Gol; and the other-but

you sleep, young man?" "Halloo! Buscar. A fair shot, by Jove! I beg pardon, worthy sir, I am listening attentively to your

"We had better defer it to the morning," said the hermit

With all my heart, good friend. Your ale was heavy. A bundle of straw. Ab, its here. Peace with all men!—good night." O'Reilly gathered his great coat about him, threw himself on the straw prepared by the dumb boy in the corner next to the fireplace, and was soon seemingly

lost in a profound sleep. CHAPTER XV.

When Frank O'Reilly and the dumb boy, who was stretched in the opposite corner, gave signs of deep sleep, Reginald D'Arcy, at a sign from the hermit followed him to the farther end of the room, where a small door, concealed by logs of wood and trees, admitted them to his sleeping room or cell. D'Arcy was not surprised at the order of this room with the disorder of the one which he had left. are welcome. For me, the time is past when matters of this life would effect me."

The place was not new to him; but he remarked one fixture in the cell which was not there at his "Gracious heavens!" exclaimed the old man, allow the same torms.

The place was not new to him; but he remarked positions."

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voice, at the same time moving to the farther part to the wall on which was raised a rough but ex. my daughter! give her to me! Tell me where she of the room to avoid the hearing of his companion, pressive image of the Saviour in His last agony, is; you shall have all " This circumstance in connection with the sentiments of the hermit in the outer room, gave him uneasiness. When first he heard him speak words breathing religious feeling, he believed that it was deceit. Now, a serious doubt entered his mind that the hermit's sentiments were not assumed. "This argues badly for me," he thought; " yet it will go hard with me if I don't still succeed"

The little chamber was barely sufficient to contain its furniture—a low paller, a chair and table, and a small chest of drawers, with a book shelf. On the latter were bundles of manuscripts, and betwixt twenty and thirty volumes of print in old binding. The hermit laid the light upon the table; and a book of Catholic devotion in English. with a Bible in the same language, caught the eye of D'Arcy. The latter was opened, and a leaf was turned down at the commencement of the tenth Psalm-that inspired act of confidence of the Royal Prophet-where he says: "I confide in the Lord. Why do you say to my soul, depart into the mountain like a sparrow?"

D'Arcy shut the volume, with a smile of bitter scorn, as he said; "If O'Reilly saw the text it would furnish him with his best argument against your vocation. Ha! ha! ha! but thou art a perfect dissembler, Lambert O'Halloran!"

He threw himself upon the chair, with forced laughter-a laughter which would make men of laughing souls to start. Not a muscle of the hermit's countenance changed; there was even more rigid solemnity in his look, as he shook his head at the expressions of his guest.

"What !art thou really changed ?" said D'Arcy, endeavouring by his bantering tone to preserve an apappearance of indifference, despite the uneasiness evident in his countenance. "Come, tell us for what self-purpose, that we may gain advantage by the lesson."

"Reginald," said the hermit, solemly, "the change

was from the hand of the Most High. "By the faith I have to pledge, this is the better jest, always in extremes! It is a shorter leap than I imagined from impiety to canting."

A deep blush suffused the countenance of the hermit at the insinuation. It passed like lightning, and he arose with a calm dignity.

"Young man," he said, if you mean by impiety, The hermit's action proved D'Arcy's promise in irreligion, I have never been impious. I have al ways believed that God existed, though I felt it not as I should. It is true, I have committed deeds of the darkest passions; but I hope by some atonement to the offended majesty of God, to receive parsigns of his master. He blew up the fire, cut don from Him, and yet have peace. Ah, Reginald, if you have tasted to the full, as I have the bitter after-fruits of indulged passion, you too might be changed. If you had felt the miseries and wants that distracted this forlorn, wretched heart, though it had in enjoyment all the objects of its strongest more so, whilst his companions did justice to the desires; or if you could experience the anguish of hermit's hospitality, and pledged him often in deep my despair! Oh, what I felt and suffered in my draughts in his strong ale. Frank's notions of his abandonment of all comfort from my fellow-creatures, during the long nights of my vigils of torture; if you could know the tortures I endured when I looked back to the blackness of my guilt in the sight of God-oh! there would then be a hope for your conversion. My son-I will call you yet by the strongest name of endearment I can give-my son, your change has been for many years the subject of my constant prayer to the throne of mercy, I had taught you to seek happiness in the indulgence of your passions; I have fostered these seeds of vice in you-they have borne fruit, to my misery a hundredfold. Oh, would to God I could recall the sentiments I have uttered to you! Yet there is

hope—even a strong—in the mercy of the Deity."
D'Arcy could not but feel the agitation and earnestness of the speaker. He remained silent with his eyes cast upon the ground; and when the hermit ceased, he mised them, but with the same cold, rigid, worldly calculation.

"I am come to speak to you," he said, coldly "on another subject. It may help you to a sterner mood."

"Unfeeling man, are you then hardened in your iniquity ?"

"Not quite," said D'Arcy; " when the fit takes I can feel; for instance, I can feel the death of a

murdered father?"

"O God!" exclaimed the hermit, "Hold! I and withdrawing a shutter from a small window which gave the only light to the cell. The sperture was large enough to give an extensive view of the heavens. A thousand stars met their gaze, wasting their chastened brightness upon a senseless world. They seemed to the hermit's vision to burn brighter, as if conscious of his thoughts. Come hither, O'Grady. You see yonder stars of heaven. In the wavering of my despairing thoughts, I have watched them often from this lonely spot, whilst half our world lay dead in sleep upon their beds of ease, or awake on those of misery like mine, and God has put it into my heart that He who has provided for these worlds and their inhabitants, for whom He did not die, would not reject the supplication of a worm of His creation, for whom He did. I did then hope, and I have peace now. I now swear to you, by yonder host of God's creatures, that I am not guilty of the act of your father's

murder!" "There is no necessity for this parade," said D'Arcy, retiring. "Too well I know that his blood is on my hands. It is some consolation to me to doubt that he was my father. There is no proof of it. The world, you know; believes me to be the sor of D'Arcy; yet even a doubt on this point requires a certain revenge. Tell me—you must tell me—who was my muffled accomplice? It was he who struck the death-blow."

D'Arcy took his pistols from his girdle, and laid them on the table. "You would intimidate me, O'Grady?" said the

hermit. "By no means," replied D'Arcy; "my pistols

were an incumbrance." "I can swear I know him not."

"A fig for your swearing; I am no child now. I guess the hand that struck that blow-my vengeance is yet secure. To other matters-my companion may awake before we have consulted. In a word, I am come for the papers which put me in possession—full and legal, without any claim of another—of your property."

"My answer was given to you before-death will not make me change it. I have a hope that my daughter lives."

"Your daughter? Well, that is a reaction in favour of your sentiments. Justice forms no part of your virtuous change."

"Would to Heaven," said the hermit, with feeling, "that the right heir were found, or any of his offspring! Oh! what an atonement then I could make for my former ingratitude! A brother, who was my benefactor, by my means an outcast from society-dying in a strange land-innocently branded with the worst crime, the guilt of murder! But I fear, in punishment of my crimes, that I am not destined in this world for that happiness. Man, in their absence, my daughter, before God, is my

"Hear me now, and hear me calmly, and you will better judge of your advantages. I have possession of your property and wealth, enjoying all their interest. You dare not dispossess me. You feel my power over your secrets. I will be candid with you. Your daughter still lives. She dares not urge a claim, for she shall share your infamy. She 574 CRAIG STREET, (nearly opposite Cote) is now in my power, and you know of old my dis-

Do you promise this and swear it?" "Stop!" The contending feelings of the hermit's heart, between justice and affection were visible in his agitated countenance. His eyes spankled, his whole frame shook, and he burst out: "Begone tempter! You would make me commit another crime. You speak a falsehood."

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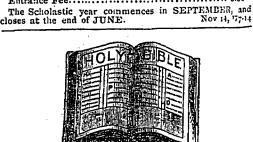
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